



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
**OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.**

Vol 17. No. 8. October, 1944.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB
SPRING MEETING

(Randwick Racecourse)

October 7th, 14th and 21st

PRINCIPAL EVENTS.

First Day, 7th October :

THE BREEDERS' PLATE of £1,300 Five Furlongs

THE CRAVEN PLATE of £1,500 . . . One Mile and a Quarter

Second Day, 14th October :

THE GIMCRACK STAKES of £1,300 Five Furlongs

THE COLIN STEPHEN STAKES of £1,500. One Mile and a Half

THE A.J.C. DERBY of £5,000 One Mile and a Half

THE EPSOM HANDICAP of £3,000 One Mile

Third Day, 21st October :

THE METROPOLITAN of £4,500 . . One Mile and Five Furlongs

Admission tickets for the Saddling Paddock only may be purchased on the days of the races at the Hotel Australia, Castlereagh Street, and A. A. Marks, Tobacconist, Circular Quay.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE,
Secretary.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

Established 14th May,
1858.

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W. W. HILL

+

Treasurer :

S. E. CHATTERTON

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+

Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

SOME years ago in Sydney a League test match was won by an English team playing several men short for the greater part of the game. Once again in history the English didn't know when they were beaten.

By all the rules of the game, they should have succumbed before Dunkirk and after. In this sterner test of the spirit and the flesh they were left with little more comparatively than the will to win. Hitler had hit them with all his devilish devices, prepared while the English played their games and ran their Derbies. He had shown them how to prepare, but not taught them when to despair. To his amazement they came up fighting.

The Royal Navy stretched its battle line across the waters of the globe. Men of the Merchant Navy braved submarine-infested oceans. The Royal Air Force engaged against tremendous odds. The Tommies stood gloriously and died. The King moved among the ruins of the Empire's centre with his people in the spirit of no-surrender.

The English stuck it out, as in that League test match of other years, because they are bred that way. Their spirit is unflinching and, being unflinching, invincible. Now that we, their kinsmen, are seeing more of them at closer range, the opportunity is ours to enrich the tribute written on the scroll of our hearts.

The Club Man's Diary

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS: 4th, L. C. Wicks; K. J. Patrick; 5th, F. P. Robinson; 6th, E. W. Bell, S. V. Toose, P. F. Miller; 9th, S. S. Crick; 14th, H. Townend, A. Leslie Cooper; 17th, T. D. Mutch; 21st, E. R. Dev eridge; 27th, A. J. Moverley; 31st, Capt. C. Bartlett.

* * *

"Pa" Genge, at 80-odd years young, is in the daily rush of the nine o'clockers. He has no need to be, but punctuality has been his practice of a lifetime. Punctuality is one of the best forms of self-discipline, and is usually distinctive of the successful man. It's something that many of the younger generation have to learn.

* * *

If you appreciate a show of sportsmanship at its best in a game played for the love of the game, sit in with the snooker gallery on any day. As a more or less regular luncheon-hour spectator I have never seen anything but the utmost good feeling rule in the tensest of games. Some of the devotees cannot play well; others may never play well; but all derive genuine pleasure from their exercises, or exertions.

* * *

As the Capital Issues Board is usually a hard-hearted show, the current rumour of a third afternoon newspaper for Sydney may be treated only as a rumor until after the war. Meanwhile, it is exciting for anyone previously on the inside to observe the scramble among the established in preparation for the return of the open go, and as a precaution against the unestablished.

* * *

The Duke of Gloucester, who will soon be among us as Governor-General, is the best horseman of the Royal family. This may not be considered a high compliment, comparatively, but of the Duke it has been said that "he sits a horse well."

When he was in Australia he yearned for "a good, rousing gallop

one morning." This was arranged in a country district in N.S.W. When His Royal Highness was approaching the course — that of a picnic racing club — he noticed that a great audience had assembled at the rendezvous; so he turned his mount and galloped in the opposite direction.

It happened, as it usually happens, that somebody couldn't keep a secret.

Probably the Governor-General will be found to be interested in horses generally; which is to say, not only racehorses.

* * *

After the nerve-racking Bob Hope visit, theatre-lovers found new hope in this "S.M. Herald" comment:

"Hazlitt once said that there were names on her immortal scroll at which Fame blushed. Quite a lot of the highest-paid screen stars in the world would be among those names. If some of these super-advertised pre-eminent nonentities were brought to Australia to spread the spurious glory of their tinsel stardust in the absence of real acting ability, they would no doubt enable the theatre and themselves to cash in ruthlessly on the kind of cinema-hysteria seen in Sydney recently. But, such a policy, would be at the cost of the goodwill of the people of discernment whom the theatre should always regard as its most valuable asset and as the core of its strength in all weathers."

* * *

Priceless bit culled from a Sydney daily newspaper (not the sporting columns):

"The Japanese Emperor recently ordered the Japanese equivalent of a day of mourning for the nation's dead horses."

* * *

When the Diggers of the previous war invited the French girls to promenade the girls were wont to answer: "Apres la guerre." So much has been promised after the war

that one is prone to lose count. Incidentally, it is just as well that some are pre-occupied with the present, even to the extent of carrying on with the fighting.

* * *

George Thatcher wrote in the "Daily Telegraph" of old-time cricket umpire Alf Jones on the occasion of his 80th birthday recently:

"He officiated for 49 years and in 800 games. He was acting at the other end when Victorian Bob Crockett gave Clem Hill run out in the famous 1903 Test. The left-hander and the late Victor Trumper were flogging the English bowling. Hill had made 51. Clem still contends he made good his ground. The late M. A. Noble, on the other hand, always claimed Crockett had not erred. The wildest demonstration in the history of the S.C.G. held up the game for a quarter of an hour. Throughout the afternoon the crowd roared 'Crock! Crock! Crock!' Trumper went on to make 185 not out."

* * *

My recollection of the subsequent discussions is that one authority declared that Hill had made the crease but had not grounded his bat and, therefore, had been rightly given out. Certain it was that the crowd, not being in a position to see closely, or in direct line, and, further, being concentrated on the batsman, rather than the bat, was incompetent to judge. To err is human, but Test umpires are chosen because of their being less liable to err than the average person.

We have heard, as we will hear again, verdicts challenged at Randwick and the S.C.G. In such circumstances it is, and will be, wise to remember the foregoing.

* * *

As to decisions, a woman singer complained recently in the newspapers of Neville Cardus, distinguished as cricket writer and music critic: "He called my singing of Schubert's 'The Trout' a flounder."

Certain of these music critics are hard to please, anyhow. Kenneth Wilkinson wrote in the "Daily Telegraph" of a girl violinist's treatment of a classical composition: "It melted into too feminine a sweetness."

The average layman would take a good deal of that without complaining.

* * *

The Aga Khan is to be married for the third time at 69 years of age.

*At sixty-nine some are, some aren't,
Disposed to question who shall, who
shan't.*

*Here's what's intriguing my maiden
aunt—*

If the Aga Khan, or the Aga Khan!

* * *

I have never been in the favourable position of being able to snatch forty winks in the luncheon hour. The suggestion was put to me many years ago by a successful man of business, still going strong at 86. I had asked him the secret of his mental vigour. "I plan my day so that I may allow for a nap of 10 minutes," he said. "I wake up a new man. A drowse is good, because it means relaxation, but it isn't so good as the complete mental rest provided by sleep."

At least one member of this club is a mid-day napper, and has been so for many years.

Sir George Reid found relief in a snooze daily or at times when parliamentary cares pressed heavily. Some years ago I was shown in a State department what was described as his favourite couch.

It is all very well advising sleep, but few people can sleep at will, or so train themselves. The highly-strung among us usually have to coax sleep by reading. Happy is the man who can hit the pillow and drift off. He may not have the easy conscience of the man who "tosses and turns," but he has the power of mental detachment.

Incidentally, the last fellow I knew who claimed that he had walked in his sleep was cured by coming into contact with a high-heeled shoe.

Flight-Sergeant Reginald Byrne, killed on September 5 in an aircraft accident in England, was the son of Mr. P. D. Byrne of this club. All the joy of life was his—love in the home, happiness among friends, a career of promise. But when the call of duty came he never feared or faltered. He fulfilled his task, and left a memory that will be ever cherished.

* * *

We record with regret the death on September 10 of Mr. E. G. Vaughan who had been a member since April 4, 1929. Captain E. H. Vaughan, serving with the A.I.F., is a son.

Advance Subscriptions

WAR LOAN

Members are invited to support "Turf Day," to be held in Hyde Park on October 18th, by subscribing through the Club and endorsing the application form—

**"TURF DAY"
(TATTERSALL'S CLUB)**

All information from the Secretary.

T. T. MANNING.

A new Discovery of Australia, quoted from the budget of Lindsay Clinch, New York correspondent of Sydney "Daily Telegraph":—

"Dozens of minor New York actresses are crowding into the Australian Information Department's Fifth Avenue office asking somebody to teach them "the Australian language."

"The reason is that a new play, 'Papuan Kimono,' which is coming to Broadway, has a minor part for an Australian girl, who marries an American serviceman and comes to America. The part will go to the girl with the best Australian accent.

"Charles Buttrose, assistant to Australian information chief David Bailey, who is handling the situation, finds that actresses (and many others) think that Australians speak

English only when they are in America, and use some outlandish dialect at home."

* * *

Harry Standish, whose despatches from the invasion front are features of "The Sydney Morning Herald's" wide coverage, was fortunate to have escaped capture by the Japanese in the early stages of their advance. He did more than outwit the enemy according to his five-year-old son.

Standish told me the story after his return from the Burma show, and before he headed for England and D-Day. His perilous position at one time—he is always up with the fighting — was being discussed among the boys at the school attended by young Standish. The boy volunteered this information: The Japs couldn't catch my daddy; he ran too fast."

* * *

When Standish was commended for his courage in tight corners with the forces he turned to the chairman of a Sydney gathering which he had addressed and neatly turned the compliment. "A war correspondent's first duty is to remain alive. A dead correspondent is of no use to a newspaper," he said.

I can imagine the feelings of Standish and other Australians when they are described by some newspapers as "famous correspondents!" They are writing impersonally history as it is being made by the combatants, and have no desire or need to pose as "glory boys."

* * *

An American correspondent described Churchill as "a magician with words." With greater truth, and simplicity, an English ("Daily Mail") correspondent wrote: "Few other men in history have had his ability to cut through the fog of language to the heart of a problem and express it in terms that everyone can understand."

* * *

Coupons are not required for words, so we have over the radio "many, many times," "very, very good;" even "the very, very good friend of a very, very good friend of mine." So much gush, and so much mush.

THE SEPTEMBER MEETING

We all had taken too early assurance of a Spring day. Scarcely had the sun reached its meridian when the nor'east wind swung round sou'east like a clout from a south-paw.

So it was that many at the club's September meeting were caught without overcoats and umbrellas. All had the same explanation: "I thought it was going to be a beautiful day."

There had been wetter and wilder days at Randwick, but few more dismally chilly. The official stand was a place for Arctic explorers. Sporting scribes were frozen to the tips.

An American Serviceman on leave — just down from the equator — was overheard to say after the second race: "Waal, I lost on that one, but I guess I'll win the next, the Tramway." Off the course he went.

As the Tramway Handicap broadcast proceeded another American Serviceman said: "I don't hear my horse being called." Right at the end he heard the name of Prince, his selection. When its number was hoisted as the winner, the Yank still looked puzzled. He confessed than when he had not heard the name of Prince called he began to think that he had backed Prince in the wrong race, or was hearing a broadcast too soon — something like that.

"I was kinda disappointed when Prince was not mentioned," he added, "for I had backed him as a certainty." Where did he get the information? He hadn't read it.

The same Serviceman had supported Lancaster Pilot in the first race; but, as he explained, "that wasn't judgment." It was sentiment. He was an airman.

What's the worth of judgment, or of information, on such a day? Jack Wyatt had more oil on Ver-

sailles than the Fuel Board controls, and dispensed it to friends without coupons.

Here were horses backed as "certainties" by friends I met before the running of the Tramway: Modulation, Versailles, Tribal, Tahmoor, Winnipeg, Warlock, Magi, Easter Time.

It seemed that I might get a little back in the Chelmsford on Katanga; if not, Shining Night; maybe, Mayfowl; with Cream Puff a possibility. That was how the chances were worded by various tipsters. Veiled Threat's win astounded them. "I'd ruled the old chap out with Buckley's nomination," one said.

In that race a horse that attracted my attention, on looks, was Castle Frontenac. For the same reason my eye lingered on Melhero in the Three-year-old Handicap. He revived a memory of Heroic as a youngster. (Note.—This was written before the Rosehill award.)

Football — Rugby Union for preference — is the sport holding my chief interest. I know little of form in racing.

Racing appeals to me in the picnic spirit and through an inherited love of horseflesh as well as a natural "eye for a horse." But I never have studied form closely. When I bet, always a modest investment, the selection is usually dictated by an instinct, "an eye for a horse." This does not pay dividends. However, I am spared the problem of reconciling form with achievement on the score of consistency.

Writing as one of the uninformed, I think that real racing knowledge needs a reinforcement of luck; not mug's luck necessarily, but the luck that clinches information plus a study of form. If that doesn't add up, it's the best I can offer in explanation of my personal approach to racing and how I observe others better informed.

"You must not only know how to bet, but when to bet," a shrewd old punter once told me. If you know neither how nor when possibly your returns are equally satisfactory at the annual balance.

Somebody asked why, while the rain pelted down, some horses came rugged into the birdcage and others unrugged. There must be a reason. Maybe, use.

Alan Lewis told me that, since I had talked with him previously he had flown across half the world and into strange places, including Trinidad, where he had seen his son, a naval officer on active service.

J. Gordon Jones, astute business director, wasn't balancing his budget when I spoke to him after the Chelmsford; nor were others as highly placed in the commercial world. Their best asset was optimism.

Stan Chatterton and I paused to wish each other many happy returns of the day following—our birthday.

Joe Harris, Alf Collins and George Chiene collected in a corner of the stand to discuss prospects in one race — but that was all they collected.

This is fair dinkum: I saw on the course an American airman taller than Jim Carr. That was something the photographers missed.

There was the story told over drinks of the girl who sat in a motor car and stalled all night.

Saw some of the snooker regulars sinking their pots.

A coloured American officer was among those present at the tote payout on four occasions. Possibly he will write home and tell them what a wonderful place is Randwick!

Priceless was the query of another Yank: "Saa-ay, isn't Flemington a saleyards or somethin'?"

—THE CLUB MAN.

TURF - Tough Quiz for Turfmen

Did our club committee ever decide to conduct a turf quiz session how many members, do you think, could answer the following:-

Was there ever a meeting held at Randwick Racecourse with only one event on the programme. If so, when?

It actually happened and the date was Wednesday, January 6, 1892.

Story is that the writer of this effusion was told such a meeting had been conducted but, on a search being made, the authenticity of the statement became very much open to question.

Old-timers who know their horses backwards declared the assertion was so much Tommy Rot, and even the man who made the statement could not recall any details apart from the fact that he was among those present. But, at long last, and after much questioning as to who else was among the crowd, he

remembered one person in particular —Lord Jersey — and the rest was easy.

Over the 'phone the Parliamentarian Librarian gave the information pronto that Lord Jersey was Governor of N.S.W. in the years 1891-92-93 and old A.J.C. registers were dragged from their musty surroundings for the search, which elicited:-

Match (Steeplechase) at Randwick, Wednesday, January 6, 1892.

W. Kelso's b.g. Australasian by Swiveller-Paper, aged, 10st. 7lb., J. Keighran 1;

Dr. Cortis's ch. g. Grafton, 10st. 7lb., R. Longford, 2.

150 sovs. aside. 3 miles. Betting: Grafton 10 to 9 on.

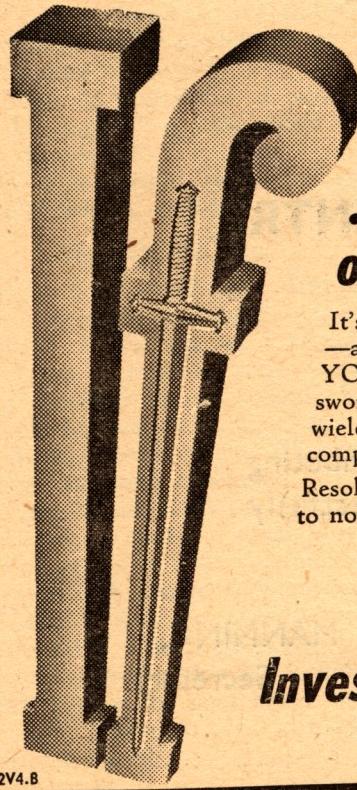
Won by three length. Time: 7min. 15 sec.

No other race was scheduled, but "Pilot" Dexter had this to say about it in "The Referee" newspaper:-

"The result proved the Master of Orville was right in his judgment and the Doctor was wrong."

"A welter race, hurriedly arranged, took place to fill in time. It was over six furlongs and starters were Marvellette (Mr. Bloomfield), Escort (Mr. McArthur), Bella (Captain Leigh), and Cypress (Mr. Cruikshanks, M.L.A.). They finished in the order named. Time: 1 min. 20½ sec. Margin, half a length.

"Extra amusement was caused when some 'roughs' scaled the outer fence and gained the 'Flat,' after which they proceeded to the St. Leger Reserve, when they vaulted the fence separating them from the Paddock and joined the 4,000 paying spectators. The two policemen present were 'quite unable to cope with the onslaught'."



... Every Man and Woman will do his or her full duty...

It's a mighty, demanding, personal IF —a solemn challenge to YOU. For to YOU it presents the sharp and shining sword of renewed determination—to wield without mercy against inward complacency.

Resolve now to accept the challenge—to nobly, thankfully pledge your ALL

to the fulfilment of our hope of early Victory IF we all do our part.

This is the hour for national re-dedication to the supreme cause—to prayer, to self-denial, to all-out co-operation for the winning of the war. Times are too serious for such things as personal likes and dislikes, personal comforts, and personal gain. Prepare to cast your ALL into the scales of Victory.

**Put Victory FIRST
Invest in the
SECOND VICTORY LOAN**



Preliminary Announcement

THURSDAY, 16th NOVEMBER, 1944

will be

**"BRITISH FORCES"
NIGHT**

in aid of

THE BRITISH CENTRE



Members desirous of contributing
goods or cash are respectfully
asked to contact

THURSDAY
16th November

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

GOLF'S BIG ROMANCE

Flowers With Weeds

(By JOHN LARDNER)

The way Mrs. Mildred "Babe" Didrikson Zaharias won the Women's Western Open Golf Title convinces me anew that the Babe is a partner in the loveliest romance to flower on a golf course since the first divot was scooped in 1406 (by William J. McTavish, a retired insurance salesman).

I don't know if you recall how romance came to the Babe. Back in the days of her spinsterhood she toured the land high and low, measuring tee shots with the best women in the golf dodge and also with some very powerful males, like George H. Ruth and mysterious Montague. She outdrove them all!

I saw her play a match with Ruth and Montague one time wherein her drives were consistently ten to twenty yards longer than those of the two gents — when you could find Ruth's and Montague's drives at all. Unnerved by cameramen, they were inclined to ram the ball into the homes of gophers living at right angles to the tee.

"What do you think of mysterious Montague?" a critic asked her after the match.

"A little anemic, isn't he?" said Miss Didrikson, coldly.

Shots Off the Line.

So it went until one day the Babe's attention was caught, as she prepared to tee up in a friendly match on a south-western course, by a character shaped roughly like one of the better-fed mountains in the Sierra Nevada range. This was George Zaharias, a wrestler.

When he activated the ball with his driver, it settled a quarter of a mile away. The Babe continued to play golf with this genial pachyderm and found that he outdrove her consistently. I do not mean to convey the impression that Mr. Zaharias was scoring in the same league with Hogan or Nelson or even with Miss Didrikson herself.

Sometimes it was necessary to plough through the uncharted chaparral to overtake his tee shots.

When overtaken, however, they always proved to have travelled farther than anyone else's, including the Babe's.

Wedding bells ensued. It's too bad P. G. Wodehouse fell among the Nazis, for this poignant love story would have been his dish. When the Texas debutante found a man who could outdrive her, she married him.

The Babe Scrambles.

The marriage has been practical as well as happy, and if you don't believe me, you have only to consider the play-by-play of the final round of the Western Open Final, in which Mrs. Zaharias won the championship from Dorothy Germain, with Mr. Zaharias lending noteworthy support from the sidelines.

The Babe was scrambling that day. That is to say, she tended to be off the line with her drives and long irons and had to scramble back into competition with miraculous recoveries and startling saves. This is a wearing process. Coming up to the afternoon round, she was just about holding her own.

By this time, however, Mr. Zaharias had diagnosed the situation. It was something like a wrestler's situation when the script calls for him to throw his opponent into aisle K and the fellow keeps landing in aisle W. What causes this? Air currents. A defective cooling system. Perhaps a draught from an open door.

Goes With the Wind.

Mr. Zaharias perceived that the wind, very tricky this day, was bothering his wife. He immediately repaired to the clubhouse cigar stand and bought a handful of even-drawing stogies for use in emergencies on the last eighteen holes. They turned out to be what the doctor ordered, and the Babe breezed home to the title.

In the gallery, whenever Mrs. Zaharias made ready to address the ball, Mr. Zaharias held up a lighted

cigar similar in size to the fuselage of a B-17. The Babe had no trouble spotting the heater, since the other spectators, not having brought gas masks along, gave Mr. Zaharias plenty of elbow room on both sides as well as forward.

The Babe studied the direction and velocity of the cigar smoke. It gave her the lay of the wind down to a millimetre. She fired the ball at the proper angle and rolled up par after par, not to speak of a few birdies.

As she holed out the winning putt, Mr. Zaharias bounded forward and embraced his victorious wife, not omitting to throw his cigar away first, for there are times when it is better not to carry a thing too far, and the cigars Mr. Zaharias was using for wind calculation would have strained the happiest marriage if brought to close range.

Golf will never die as long as it produces romances like that of Mr. and Mrs. Zaharias.



*When
Hair
Grows
Thin*

Promote new growth with McMahon's Hair Restorer . . . easy to apply, economical and pleasant to use. McMahon's Hair Restorer is quickly effective in cases of falling hair, baldness, alopecia patches, scalp dryness. Excellent for dandruff, which goes in a few applications. Harmless to the most delicate skin. Use McMahon's, too, for keeping the hair lustrous and soft.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

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McMahon's
GUARANTEED
HAIR RESTORER

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Time is ripe to take stock of where we stood in 1939 — Australia holds Empire Championship and World's Professional Title — Details of some outstanding performances.

With Hitler and company on the run and war clouds rolling by in greater haste than for years, controllers of sports are concentrating on a revival of international pastimes.

In England the controllers of cricket are preparing for visits overseas so soon as Peace is declared and the same state of affairs obtains in football, cycling, and other circles of major importance.

In Australia the same thing is going on, and during September an official invitation was sent to England by the N.S.W. Rugby League to send a team here in 1945.

Things are moving in a big way, and we who love our billiards and snooker may now take stock of our sport as it stood when Hitler and Mussolini went mad in 1939.

No doubt one of the first major billiards events will be resuscitation of the Empire Championship which was a between wars creation and immediately caught the imagination of players and public alike.

The first series was played in London in 1926, and Australia was represented by George Shailer, who performed brilliantly to get into the final. Since then this country has played a big part in the tournament and holds the championship at present.

Winners since the competition came into being are:—

1926, played at London, J. Earlam (Eng.).

1927, played at London, A. Prior (South Africa).

1929, played at Johannesburg, L. Hayes (Australia).

1931, played at Sydney, L. Steeple (Eng.).

1933, played at London, Sydney Lee (Eng.).

1935, played at London, H. F. E. Coles (Eng.).

1936, played at Johannesburg, R. Marshall (Australia).

1938, played at Melbourne, R. Marshall (Australia).

The series has produced some remarkable billiards, and it is conceded that R. ("Bobby") Marshall of Perth, Western Australia, is the greatest amateur of all time. He is closely followed by Kingsley Kennerley of England, but the Australian, in competition, appeared to "have the edge" on the visitor. He also created a world average in match play for an amateur by topping 50 points per stick throughout a match.

Marshall, playing against the late Bert Teague in Fremantle, made a 1000-break, and his style is particularly brilliant and worthy his mentors, Walter and Fred Lindrum, who put him through his paces when a youngster.

All will hope that five years in khaki has not dimmed his efficiency with the cue.

Interesting Data.

Highest sessional average for an amateur in England is held by Laurie Steeple who, in the final of the English amateur championship in 1930, registered 83.5 p.s.

Scoring 36,356 against Willie Smith, in London in 1930, Walter Lindrum made a world record for two weeks' play (48 hours).

Walter Lindrum in one day (1930) scored 4,815 points in four hours.

In two hours play opposed to Tom Newman, Lindrum scored 2,664 points.

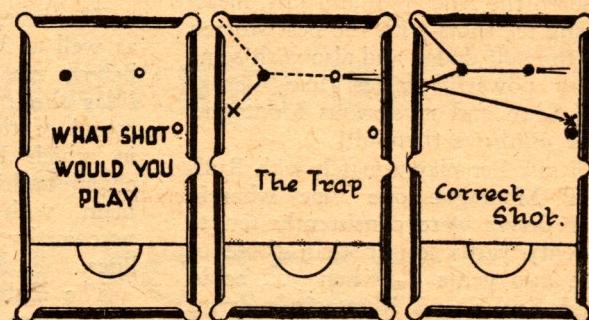
In a two-weeks' match in London in 1930 the Australian averaged 262 points per stick.

Lindrum also holds the highest sessional average ever — 2,664 against Tom Newman in 1930.

By the aid of the "cradle" or "anchor" stroke, Tom Reece, in 1907, made a break of 449,135.

John Roberts, Senr., in 1846, played a challenge match for 43 consecutive hours in Glasgow against an amateur. The amateur collapsed with 125 games, each of 100 points, completed. Roberts conceded 60 points in each game and acted as marker as well. (Verily the age of freak wagers is not confined to moderns.)

You can lose (or win) some money on this one: The world's



Here is a Walter Lindrum lesson in one act. The balls have fallen as shown in the first diagram, and the champion asks "What shot would you play?" Amateurs frequently make the error of falling into the trap of playing a slow roll-off into top pocket whereas a little more force will attain the same scoring result but excellent position for the next shot.

professional championship snooker break is held by FRED Davis at 113 (in 1939).

Laurie Steeple, who stayed at our club and practised on our tables for the Empire Championship staged in Sydney in 1936, made a break of 461 unfinished against New Zealand's representative W. L. Hackett.

In the 1938 series, Bobby Marshall made 21 breaks over 100 with 427 and 400 the highest. In 16 sessions (32 hours' play) he aggregated 17,626 and for one session averaged 109.64.

In England Kingsley Kennerley made a new break record for an amateur billiards tournament of 549. His best Empire effort stands at 472 made in Melbourne in 1938.

Miss Ruth Harrison made a world record for women players with a run of 197 in the Women's Professional Billiards Championship against Miss Margaret Lennan on May 7, 1937.

Big Biffs in the Sport of Bash

Just about eighteen months back a major Sydney newspaper instructed its Newcastle sporting writer to send a report about the Herb Narvo v. Billy Britt boxing contest. "But" the scribe was told in emphatic terms, "make it brief as space is particularly tight." The report, as sent, was complete and met all requirement. It was received over the phone.

There were six hits. With the fifth Narvo ripped a right to Britt's stomach and opened his mouth. The sixth shut it. Referee counted ten.

That reminds of the newcomer to Sydney Stadium who "collected" in the first hit of the contest. After being carried to the dressing room he was brought to with eau de cologne, etc., and his first question was: "How many were hurt when the clock fell down?"

There have been many brief skirmishes in the hempen square and a few that come to mind are:—

Joe Louis putting "paid" to Buddy Baer's account in 2 min. 56 sec. at

Madison Square Garden in 1941. Although the period was brief Baer had plenty of practice going down and rising from the floor!

Max Baer, Buddy's brother, set out to redeem the family's prestige and challenged the "Brown Bomber." Results were not flattering to the Baer clan as spectators were leaving the building while others were still queued up outside trying to get in!

In April, 1939, Jack Roper was gazing at synthetic Mars, Venus, Saturn and other stars after a 2 min. 20 sec. interview with Louis.

Max Schmeling also went in the first round and was taken back to Germany on a stretcher.

Just after the last war Carpentier and Joe Beckett were matched for the heavyweight title of Europe. At the bell the Frenchman waded in and hit Beckett on the jaw. The Englishman was "out to the wide." Time of journey from bell to finish 15 sec.!

A classic occurred in the Young Bratley "Miner" Brown affair for the American lightweight title fought at Georgia in 1921.

As they shaped up Brown let one go right to Bratley's point and the receiver went down for nine. Everyone thought it was all over and Brown relaxed. Bratley, however, regained his feet and put everything bar the kitchen sink into a right to Brown's solar plexis. It connected and Brown took nearer ten minutes than ten seconds to recover.

And, in conclusion, what about that clash at Carlton (Sydney) a couple of years back when two novices faced up to each other. Both boxers slugged from the bell and both received their issue.

After collecting about six punches apiece one fell down and was counted out. When he had regained consciousness his victor approached with outstretched hand and said: "You're a pretty good boxer, mate, but I knew I'd get you in the third round!"

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DERBY MISFORTUNE

Two Jockeys: One Trainer

Twenty years ago, in 1924, Gordon Richards, still in his apprenticeship, and R. A. Jones, just out of his, both had their first mounts in the Derby (writes John Loder in the "Field"). Since then misfortune has dogged them in the great race, and they may well feel they certainly have not deserved it. Richards in his first race rode a very moderate colt called Skyflight, from the late Sir Robert Wilmot's stable, and Jones an almost equally moderate animal called Arausio that belonged to Mrs. Sofer Whitburn. From that time Richard has ridden in the race every year except 1926, when illness kept him out of the saddle almost throughout the season, and in 1941, when he was laid up with a broken leg and when he would have been on the winner, Owen Tudor. Jones has only missed a mount in the race in 1927, 1928 and 1940.

It was not until 1934 that Richards had a really good horse to ride in the Derby. That year he rode Easton and was second to Windsor Lad. Previous to that, since 1924, he had ridden a series of moderate horses, like Solitary, Chichester Cross, Grand Prince, Grand Salute and Coldstream during the period that he was retained by Lord Glanely, or non-stayers like Sunny Trace, Cockpen and Manitoba.

Just Minor Places.

In 1935 he rode Hairan and was second again in 1936 on Taj Akbar. The next year he had to ride the moderate Pascal for Beckhampton and was third on the favourite Pasch in 1938, second on Fox Cub in 1939, fourth on Tant Mieux in 1940, beaten on a non-stayer favourite, Big Game, in 1942, and third on the mulish Nasrullah last year.

Jones's experience has been equally exasperating. After riding another moderate horse, Tissaphernes in 1926, he was fourth on Swift and Sure in 1926. Then in successive years he was third on Brienz, second on Iliad, second on Orpen, and beaten on the favourite Orwell. For the next four seasons he was

riding such forlorn hopes as Myosotis, Valerius, First Son and Bala Hissar, and beaten out of a place again in 1936 on the favourite, Cash Book. He was fourth on Pound Foolish in 1938 and unplaced in 1939 on Hastings. In the last three years he was unplaced on such moderate colts as Cuerdley, Gold Nib and Whirlaway. This year Jones had a better ride in Happy Landing and Richards rode Mustang, and Jones was the only one with the opportunity of breaking his run of ill-luck.

Both Richards and Jones should have several seasons of riding in front of them yet, and every regular racegoer will wish that in due time their turn will come to achieve that distinction upon which every boy that is apprenticed with thoroughbreds sets his heart from the day he gets his first leg up to go to exercise.

Trainer's Many Misses.

The unfortunate experience that Jones and Richards have had, however, is quite overshadowed by the wretched luck that Mr. H. S. Persse has experienced as a trainer in relation to the Derby.

Mr. Persse is 75 this year. Exactly how many years he has been training I am not quite sure, but he has been at his present quarters, Chatis Hill, Stockbridge, for the past 35 years, and was for a while private trainer for the late Lord Wavertree at Russley before that. During these years, Mr. Persse has won the Two Thousand three times, in 1912, 1920 and 1929, and the One Thousand once, in 1922. But he has never yet saddled a horse for the Derby that has been good enough even to run into a place.

I believe the first horse that he saddled for a classic race was Sir Archibald, who ran second to Norman III for the Two Thousand in 1909. Sir Archibald failed to stay in the Derby that Minoru won, though Mr. Persse later won such good races with him as the Victoria Cup, Salford Borough Handicap, and Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot.

It may be recalled that Sir Archibald, owned by Mr. A. F. Basset, who is four years Mr. Persse's junior and who has had his horses trained at Stockbridge ever since, was ridden in his classic races by the late Sir George Thursby, who died three years ago. He would have been the same age as Mr. Persse.

Sweeper II, with whom Mr. Persse won the Two Thousand for Mr. H. B. Duryea in 1912, was proved a non-stayer in the Derby, and never did in fact win anything else after the Two Thousand. Mr. Duryea won the Derby two years afterwards with Durbar II, but that colt was trained in France.

A Galloping Freak.

Whether Durbar would have been beaten in the 1914 Derby by The Tetrarch but for the mishap that befell Major McCalmont's colt and prevented Mr. Persse from being able to give him a preparation for the classic races of 1914, is one of those problems to which we shall never know the answer. Those who listened to Donoghue, who rode The Tetrarch in all his races, talking about the horse on the radio a few months ago, may recall that he said then that he thought The Tetrarch would have won the Derby. "Even if the colt had proved to be not a thorough stayer," Donoghue said, "I could have won the Derby on him by waiting in front, so phenomenal was his speed."

Shortly after that broadcast I happened to be re-reading the first part of Donoghue's autobiography published about twenty years ago, and I was surprised to find that he says there: "The Tetrarch would never have won the Derby. He would not have stayed the course. He did not like being waited with, and he only gave of his best when allowed to go straight out in front of his field. I honestly believe that no horse ever foaled would have been able to go lengths out in front of the field and keep it up for the mile and a half of the Derby course."

With the passage of years, Donoghue's memories of The Tetrarch have perhaps become somewhat romanticised, and the opinion he held twenty years ago, when his recollections of that remarkable horse would of necessity be more clearly defined than they are now is, one may think, probably the more reliable as well as the more sceptical opinion. But be that as it may, there is no denying that it was the wretchedest of luck for Mr. Persse to have trained the most wonderful two-year-old that the Turf has ever seen, and then to be robbed of the chance to train him for the Derby, or even to get him fit for the racecourse ever again.

From Ireland.

Probably the best horse that Mr. Persse had to train, apart from The Tetrarch, in his early years at Stockbridge was Bachelor's Double who was a four-year-old when he came over from Ireland, and had already won the Irish Derby. In 1910 he won the City and Suburban and the Royal Hunt Cup and the following year won the Kempton Jubilee Handicap with him. In 1913 Mr. Persse trained Bachelor's Wedding, a brother to Bachelor's Double, to win the Irish Derby, and may have been a bit unlucky not to have got him placed at Epsom, for the colt was one that got interfered with when the suffragette brought Anmer down, and yet ran on to finish ninth, not far behind the leaders.

The first colt that Mr. Persse saddled for the Derby after the last war was the late Sir Hedworth Meux's Sir Douglas, who finished fourth behind Grand Parade, and 1920 found him at Epsom saddling the favourite for the Derby, Major McCalmont's Tetratema, with whom he had already won the Two Thousand. But again he was to find that his horse had not the stamina to repeat the Newmarket success. Nine years later he was saddling the Derby favourite for the third time in his career, Mr. Jinks, a son of Tetratema, who like his sire had already won the Two Thousand.

Lack of stamina doubtless was again the cause of the further disappointment that Mr. Jinks brought to the Stockbridge stable, though certainly his chances were not improved by the misfortune of badly

bruising a foot when crossing the road that runs across the track, after going a furlong on the Derby course.

When the Kingsclere Syndicate was broken up in 1919, the Duke of Westminster became a patron of the Stockbridge stable and great things were hoped of the colt, Twelve Pointer, which Mr. Persse bought on the Duke's behalf at Doncaster in 1921 for 500 gns. He started favourite for the Two Thousand in 1923 and finished fifth behind Ellangowan. In the Derby he ran well over a distance that was just beyond his compass and he was again fifth, behind Papyrus.

Persse's Big Year.

In 1930 Mr. Persse for the first and, as yet, the only time in his career headed the list of winning trainers, horses in his charge winning stakes to the value of more than £49,000 that year. The principal contributors to this sum were three two-year-old colts. They were Major McCalmont's Thyestes, who had won the National Breeders Produce Stakes at Sandown and the Rous Memorial at Goodwood, and was unbeaten; Mr. A. F. Bassett's Doctor Dolittle, who had won the Newbury Autumn Foal Plate and the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton and was also unbeaten; and Sir Abe Bailey's Portlaw, who had wound up his first season by winning the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and the Middle Park.

The prospect that the Stockbridge stable would provide a classic winner in 1931 with at least one of these three colts seemed a bright one. But during the winter it became obvious that Thyestes would not be able to be trained for the Two Thousand, and in fact it eventually turned out that it was not possible to get him to stand training again after his two-year-old season, and he went to stud in 1932 without ever having been on a racecourse again.

Both Portlaw and Doctor Dolittle came through their preparations for the Two Thousand satisfactorily, and when Mr. Persse saddled Sir Abe Bailey's colt on a wet afternoon at Newmarket, Portlaw was 5 to 2 favourite for the race. Doctor Dolittle was not unfancied, but when

walking round the parade ring he became restive and lashed out, grazing his leg so badly against the rails that he had to be withdrawn from the race. Portlaw failed to stay and finished eighth behind Cameronian.

Doctor Dolittle was thus left alone to do duty for Chassis Hill at Epsom. He won a good trial at York in May, and only Cameronian, Orpen and Sandwich were fancied to beat him when he went to the post for the Derby. Again the luck went all against the Stockbridge stable. Harry Beasley who was riding Doctor Dolittle found himself badly boxed in coming down Tattenham Corner. He was bored against the rails and his mount was actually forced on to them. He would have had to be an exceptional Derby horse to have been in the fight after that. And that of course he was not, and probably did not truly stay twelve furlongs, but the manner of his winning the Ribblesdale Stakes at Ascot and the Lingfield Park Plate showed that, with better luck in running, he could have given a more satisfactory account of himself at Epsom.

(Continued overleaf.)

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Derby Misfortune

(Continued from Page 11.)

After Twelve Years.

Twelve years went by after Doctor Dolittle's year before Mr. Persse again saddled a horse for the Derby. From 1931 until last year, when he saddled Deimos and Whirlaway for the race, luck had so run against the stable that though he had all through those years had all the horses in his yards that he wanted there had never been one among them that was good enough to take a chance in the Derby. Whirlaway and Deimos were not really up to the class of a Derby field, and perhaps Mr. Persse decided to take a chance with them sheerly out of desperation at having waited so long for the right sort to come along.

This year Mr. Persse was again without a runner from his stable in the Derby. There was a time during the winter when there seemed a chance that a Donatello II colt of Lord Septon's, named Vermonth, might train into a Derby horse. But so far the colt is proving disappointing.

Mr. George Lambton at 84 is still training a string of thirty of the best thoroughbred stock that money can buy, so there is no reason why Mr. Persse should not have more than a year or two yet to get his Derby horse. I wonder if there is indeed one among the Stockbridge two-year-olds this season? There are sixteen, and I think there are four of them that have the possibility of making Derby horses.

Mr. Olding's Selector is the only one of the four that has yet been on the racecourse. He is a chestnut by Fairhaven out of a half-sister to Glen Loan and East Glen. Mr. Persse bought him at the September Sales for 800 gns. He has been out three times, has been steadily improving and won his first race a fortnight ago at Ascot. It was an easy win, by four lengths from Fair Profit, a newcomer whom apparently Mr. Victor Smyth had tried highly and considered to be a very good thing for this particular race.

His Future Hopes.

The other three colts that seem to be possible Derby horses in 1945 are Rustom Sirdar, a Nearco colt from Mrs. Rustom, a mare who won the Gimcrack and Dewhurst Stakes in 1933; Precipic, a chestnut son of Precipitation from Artistic, whose dam Ishtar, by The Tetrarch, was a sister to Stefan the Great and herself a good two-year-old winner; and an Umidwar colt named High Hope, bred from a Spion Kop mare, Vimy Ridge, who stayed well when she was racing.

Rustom Sirdar belongs to Mr. A. S. Hewitt who is a newcomer to Mr. Persse's stable this season. Precipic and High Hope were both bred by their owners, Precipic by Capt. A. S. Wills and High Hope by Colonel Kewley. Both were acceptors for events at the last Ascot meeting and, though they were not brought to the post on that occasion, I imagine it will not be long before this pair are making their debut. High Hope is perhaps rather more backward. I rather expect that all three of these may be pretty good colts, and I am sure that all friends and well-wishers of Mr. Persse will hope they are.

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Robot Bombs on London

Miss Zetta Freeman, an Air Raid Warden in London, formerly of King's Cross (Sydney), wrote this graphic story in a letter to a Sydney friend.

THIS WILL HAVE to be a short note due to circumstances beyond my control, being which, we have been bombed out. We are all well and I think we can save most of our furniture and clothes. The flying bomb fell a few houses away early Tuesday morning.

We were all asleep in bed when the engine awoke me; it was so close you could feel the vibration, then it stopped, and I shall never forget the rush of it, like an express train, then everything falling around my head. I did not hear the explosion; I believe we were too close for that.

I called Mother and Jana (the girl friend that is staying with me); they both said they were O.K., but Mother would not move. I tried to get out of bed, but was afraid the floor had gone, but it was only the rubble of the ceiling on the floor giving as I walked. I got to Mother and found she had the whole ceiling, half the wall and all the glass from the windows on top of her, so I dug her out and found the only damage a badly bruised hand and arm.

I got them both into my room, by which time Arthur had arrived and, as I could not see the extent of the damage or put a light on till daylight, I made a cup of tea. All the curtains had been blown off the windows. When daylight came the place was a shambles. I thought the whole house would collapse any minute.

When the powers that be arrived they did not condemn the house, but put an awning across the roof, as you could see the sky, and stuck paper over the windows and chopped away the remains of the glass dome, which was terribly dangerous. As they had nearly a hundred houses to see to, we were left.

At 8.30 a.m. I got buckets and started shovelling, carting them up and down three flights of stairs. This kept on till 6 p.m. Thursday evening, when I could not move another inch, and I still had the hall stacked four feet high with rubble and one room untouched. The dirt and dust was just plastered all over me.

Twice the fireman had threatened to sack the next man that carried a bucket of plaster out till all the houses were weatherproof. So, in despair, I told him to tell all his men to stand clear. I was going to throw it all out the window. I borrowed a huge shovel and set to. As the air was grey with dust, the few more clouds I set up did not matter.

Five minutes later the fireman arrived and took the shovel out of my hands, and while I filled buckets he carried them and threw them out of the window. In two hours we had got it all away. When I thanked him for helping me, he only said "I could not see you do it alone any longer; you are the gamest woman I have ever seen." So I told him that's nothing — you should see the other Australian women.

Arthur was in much the same condition. He gave me all the help he could, and at last, when I found my carpets, we got them into the garden. They told us it would be three months before any repairs would be done. Now, darling, I was not born a blonde for nothing, and the fireman is very good looking. The result is, they start putting up our ceilings to-morrow morning, Sunday. How much they will do I don't know, but just keep your fingers crossed.

The house that was hit was the home of my friends. They were all killed except "Smudge," my fellow warden. She was on duty, but her husband was killed. The devastation is terrible and the killed and injured horrible. These people are not military objects and if Hitler thinks he can win the war by blasting our homes, he'd better think again. It has only made us more bitter against him, and perhaps we were all getting a bit slack and working shorter hours, taking things easy. But not now. I'll work 24 hours a day and not grumble—but he is going to pay for all this horror!

There is something evil about this new bomb. When you watch it flying past and waiting for the en-

gine to stop and blow you all to eternity, you realise there is no human element about. It's like a plane with the devil himself at the controls. How we escaped I don't know, and I can only say, "Thank God we are safe."

The organisation of the A.R.P. services are wonderful. Our post had this incident, and I was working on it when I could spare the time. It all went like clockwork, services on the spot, mobile canteen, help for all, and the building flying squad started first-aid repairs at daylight. It won't be long before we are back in the flat and all straight again. At present we are sleeping in the flat downstairs as it is more or less intact.

Well, I must away now and get some sleep before the fun starts again. Don't worry about us, we are doing fine, and when I can get clean and get some clothes washed and the dirt stops falling down, all will be O.K. again.

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THE RACING BOOM

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Despite governmental restrictions forced by wartime conditions, racing is booming all over the world.

The popularity of the turf must be maintained.

"The ill wind which is now blowing so much evil for the world is blowing a disproportionate amount of good for the Turf. In nearly all the warring countries where racing is popular in peacetime it is now doubly popular and singularly prosperous. Restrictions on the use of tracks have been enforced in varying degrees, but for the most part, only to the extent made necessary by military requirements. Except for these degrees of necessary restrictions, there is a remarkably uniform state of prosperity in the affairs of the Turf the world over," states the "Blood-Horse," organ of the American Thoroughbred Breeders' Association.

"The reasons for this fact lie on the surface. A vast amount of money must be put into civilian hands to carry on the war, and since it cannot be spent, in normal proportion, for the ordinary consumers' goods of peacetime, it goes, in larger proportion for such forms of entertainment as remain available.

Since there is a tremendous need for revenue, the various governments welcome a chance to collect more taxes on such income as the public has been able to salvage from other forms of taxation. It is also significant that war, except under the most trying conditions, does not adversely affect the quality of racing, but rather tends to heighten its standards and thus to make it more attractive as a sport.

In the United States, though restrictions have been necessary and conditions have been difficult, racing has had an extraordinary amount of success, gained without any compensating loss of its own dignity or prestige. The worst that has been said of racing in this country since the war began is that thoroughbreds have been transported from one place to another when transport facilities were hard pressed to handle their wartime assignments, and this can hardly be considered an indict-

ment until it is shown that the service of moving horses is out of proportion to their service in connection with the collection of vast revenues for necessary governmental purposes. In proportion to its size racing has been one of the most effective agencies for gleaning new taxes from monies which escape the main harvest.

"As far as racing itself is concerned, it seems likely that the large amounts of money it is handling are less important, in the long view, than some of the changes which are taking place inside the sport, under the stimulus of the increased rate of public support.

"It appears reasonable enough to assume that after the war racing will not only keep its place but will expand, build great new courses, and move into more of the leading centres of population. But it is also probable that it will drop back into its normal place in the life of the community as soon as a larger proportion of earnings can be spent for goods now unobtainable. That is, racing may recede from its wartime peak, as far as its financial fortunes are concerned.

"But, regardless of financial fortunes, racing should come out of the war with the highest popularity rating in its history, and with certain improvements which it should do its best to maintain even if there is a measure of recession. . . ."

MAN WHO WON AND LOST

Sometimes a freak wager is won and lost by the same man. The following culled from the "London Times" of 1841:—

"A few days since" according to 'Journale de la Meuse' an inhabitant of Void, playing at billiards, staked the hand of his only daughter, a handsome lass of eighteen summers, against his adversary. The imprudent father lost and the winner insists on payment being made, claiming the daughter, fortune and all. The girl objects and questions the validity of the bargain which, being a gaming debt cannot be collected by law."

HISTORY OF "PINCHGUT"

Fort Denison, better known as "Pinchgut," is the oldest occupied island in Australian waters. Originally named "Rock Island," by Governor Phillip, the grim, low-lying bastion in Sydney Harbour was the first "solitary confinement" area established in sunny New South Wales.

History has failed to record the identity of the two desperate malefactors marooned on Rock Island, by order of the Governor-in-Council, on March 6, 1788. Let it suffice that the unregenerate ruffians (aged 17 and 18, respectively) had been found guilty of the heinous crime of receiving portion of some food-stuffs stolen by the arch-criminal, James Barrett (aged 17), for which enormity the said James Barrett had been well and truly hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Penal official authority tempered justice with mercy by merely marrooning Barrett's companions in crime on Rock Island with a week's supply of bread and water.

At the end of the week the emaciated felons were restored to the bosom of their criminal family — sadder but wiser stores stealers. The facetious sergeant of marines who "officered" the escort made history in a single sentence. "Well, me hearties," he chuckled, "how'd ye like Pinchgut Island?"

Now, Governor Phillip was — judged by the standards of the period — a humane man, a firm but kindly administrator. One cannot say the same for the highborn legislators who framed the most savage code of penal laws of any period of English history. The great majority of the bondmen (and women) of the "First Fleet" were minor delinquents — petty larcenists, poachers, pickpockets. With 102 statutory offences carrying the death penalty, there wasn't much chance of a real desperate criminal getting off with a "Botany Bay lagging."

It was the cold inhumanity and iron savagery of the penal system that transformed many of these petty offenders into the later "human beasts" of the hells of Port Arthur, Norfolk Island, and Macquarie Harbour.

—Jim Donald in the "Daily Mirror."

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BOXING ENTENTE

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Freddie Mills is the heavyweight champion of Great Britain; he gets a good press there, and a lot of Americans who have spent time in England in uniform recently know about him.

So Frederick as a prospect for a championship bout with Joe Louis after the war is not just the usual cold dish of kedgeree that English champions are apt to be in such connections, writes John Lardner.

I would suggest that he get himself an American handler, or, more practically, that some American handler go and get him.

Not to damage Anglo-American relations, the man in question should be James Joy Johnston, the boy bandit, who was born an Englishman, in Liverpool, and speaks both languages, as well as basic English.

Mr. Johnston frequently uses up all of basic English, which is only 835 words, in one short paragraph between cups of tea on a fair week-

day afternoon. Then he starts talking.

Matter of Ethics.

I do not wish to be thought of as encouraging the debasement of the code of ethics. I am not suggesting that Mr. Johnston steal Mr. Mills, the British champion, as certain European fighters have been filched in the past.

A classic case is that of Max Schmeling, who came over here with a German manager and suddenly found that the late Joe Jacobs was his manager instead.

I have great admiration for the skill and audacity of Mr. Jacobs in his subsequent career as Schmeling's manager, including the time he outraged Aryan honour by saluting Hitler with a lighted cigar between his teeth, but England is a friendly Power as well as an Ally, and Mr. Johnston, an Englishman born, can work the matter out to the satisfaction of all hands.

This Mills, officially a signalman in the British Army, will be a pretty good property after the war if he keeps from getting knocked out meanwhile, and there does not seem to be much danger of that, for he outclasses his field.

Fighting American heavyweights both here and in England, under the careful selective guidance of Mr. Johnston, he can be built up to some good gates and perhaps furnish entertainment into the bargain, though this, naturally, is not part of the required duty of a professional fighter.

The Swooner.

It may be that intrinsically Frederick is too light for Louis, too open for Conn. That need not damage his possibilities. Thomas George Paul Farr, the popular anvil from Tonypandy, Wales, made a good thing out of losing five consecutive fights in America, and Mr. Johnston

himself got good results with Philip Suffling, otherwise Scott, the Swooning Swan of Soho.

Mills has a much better record than either of these two. Mr. Scott, as you may remember, used to finish most of his performances on one knee, clutching his abdomen, and, as Mr. Johnston justly remarks, his play of expression, his stark dramatic quality, was so good in this role that in one year he made more money than the President of the United States.

Just Technique.

I have not talked to Mr. Mills about the possibility of Mr. Johnston helping his career in an advisory capacity. Mr. Johnston can do this himself. Along about the twelfth cuppatea, long before Mr. Mills has inserted a word into the conversation, he will be convinced in his mind that he can achieve great things under such direction.

Nor does it have to be done by falling down and grabbing one's groin. Mr. Johnston has more than one arrow in his quiver. He is a manager of great versatility.

A lieutenant of Reconnaissance on the Anzio beachhead once told me that he owned half of one per cent. of Mr. Mills, which holding he would be glad to make me a present of.

I do not know how accurate this statement was, but for what my piece is worth, I cheerfully hand it on to Mr. Johnston, as a beginning in this great work of international rapprochement.

We read in the Press: Main reasons for the discharge in the A.W.A.S. and the A.A.M.W.S. are medical unfitness, hardship, marriage, and compassionate grounds."

That is to relate marriage to a queer confederacy, including hardship and compassion.

RACING FIXTURES 1944

OCTOBER.

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting), Saturday, 7th
 A.J.C. (Spring Meeting), Saturday, 14th
 A.J.C. (Spring Meeting), Saturday, 21st
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 28th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill Saturday, 4th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 11th
 A.J.C. (Worwick Farm), Saturday, 18th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 25th

DECEMBER.

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 Canterbury Saturday, 9th
 Ascot Saturday, 16th
 A.J.C. (Summer Meeting), Sat., 23rd
 A.J.C. (Summer Meeting), Tues., 26th
 Tattersall's Saturday, 30th

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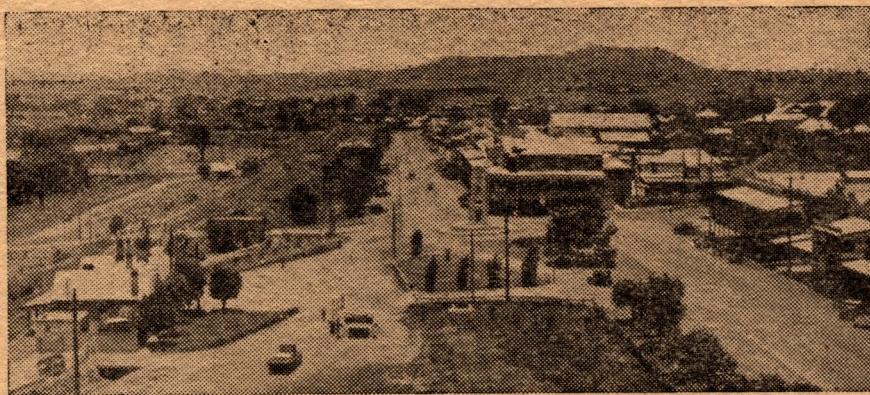
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QUIRINDI

SITUATED 244 miles from Sydney, Quirindi lies in a pleasant valley of the western slopes of the Great Dividing Range, near enough to the coast to gain the benefit of the cool southerly breezes in summer and high enough to escape the blistering heat of the western plains.

From the early pages of our history we learn that the verdant Liverpool Plains waited untouched, unseen by white man, until 1818 when Surveyor-General John Oxley completed the longest land journey then achieved in Australia. He reported there to be rich well-watered plains beyond the mountains and pleaded with Governor Macquarie for encouragement and assistance to be given to settlers of the hard-working, sober, industrious type who would cultivate and colonize.

After Oxley's discovery of the Liverpool Plains the policy of the Government in regard to land settlement changed, and one momentous outcome of this was the formation in London of the Australian Agricultural Company, which organisation, in 1832, took up the huge holding known as "Warrah," just south of where Quirindi stands to-day.

At Quirindi, however, nothing existed but aboriginal camping grounds. The natives had a name for the district—Quiwarrindi—which has been corrupted to the Quirindi of to-day—the same name less one syllable.

The meaning of the name is not quite definite, some sources give it as meaning "a dead tree on top of the mountain"—or "deadwood," evidently some landmark well-known to the blackfellows. Others say it signifies a "camping place," but the meaning could be related, to suggest "the camping place identified by the dead tree on top of the mountain."

One of the first settlers at Quirindi was George Loder, who about 1830 "squatted" on Quirindi Station on the banks of the Quirindi Creek. Later the original station was divided between Mr. Loder's two sons, Andrew Loder who took the south portion, including Boramib Creek and Warrah Creek and James Loder who settled on the northern portion extending towards Quipolly.

By 1840, on the track northwards, teamsters and drovers with their waggons and teams camped for the night at the junction of the Quirindi and the Jacob and Joseph Creeks (called by some, "Walla-badah") and so we have the genesis of Quirindi—a camp for drovers and teamsters going north through the great pastoral holdings of 1840.

The names of these settlers of this time read like a roll-call of pioneers . . . to quote a few, Doctor Gill of Colly Creek, Brodie of Wallabaddah, Eales of Druri, Noland of Walhollow, McLachlan of Breeza, Allen of Connodilly, Wiseman of Trinkey, Wyndham of Colly Blue, Single of Werris Creek, Nelson Lawson of Bundella, Towns of Bomera, Cox of Bandoo and Blaxland of Kickerbill.

By 1859 all that composed Quirindi was a few bark huts but with the passing of Sir John Robertson's Free Selection before Survey Act, progress came in the shape of more and more settlers, one of the most successful of these being R. G. Pollock at Castlemountain Station, who sold his first wheat for 7/- a bushel. Farming in those days was laborious work, vastly different from that of the present day; ploughing was done with a wooden plough—no wheels—drawn by oxen, reaping by hook and threshing by flail.

About 1873 following on instructions from the Manager of Quirindi Station for a sheep-wash to be made in a dam near the "Model Farm," discussion arose as to the possible contamination of the "Jacob and Joseph" Creek and in consequence it was decided to divert the course of the creek. Time, erosion and occasional floods did the rest and strangely enough, many springs broke out greatly increasing the flow of the "Jacob and Joseph." Fresh springs have also broken out on the banks of the Quirindi Creek which flows stronger to-day than it did in the 1840's.

In the 1870's Quirindi was still a rural hamlet and this state continued until a huge camp for labourers constructing the new railway line brought a sudden influx of population. Even when the camp moved on Quirindi forged ahead with even greater impetus—more and more settlers arrived and the cultivation of wheat was undertaken seriously.

The first train arrived in Quirindi in 1877 and as one writer has stated "Quirindi's history really started with the building of the railway" for it was the terminus and from the railhead thus formed was distributed all the merchandise required by the people of the north and northwest.

Some form of local government became imperative, and in 1884 the Quirindi Progress Association was formed with the result that a petition was lodged by its members for the incorporation of

Quirindi as a municipality. Although they were opposed by a counter-petition, their efforts achieved success, for Quirindi became a Municipality late in 1890 with William Hawker as first Mayor.

About this time the first newspaper, "The Quirindi Magpie," came into being, to continue until 1906. The present newspaper is named "The Quirindi Advocate."

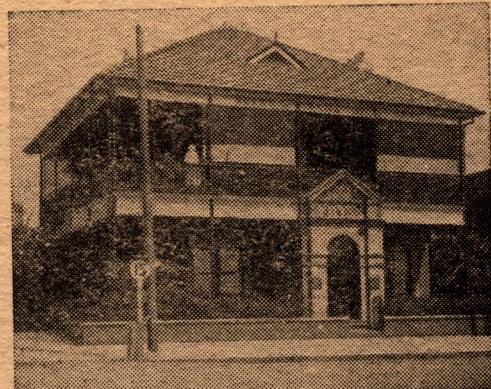
As Quirindi moved ahead through the years progress came apace for 1907 saw the establishment of the Shire Council, 1911 brought the water supply, in 1915 the excellent saleyards were completed and in 1919 the town first received the benefit of an electricity supply.

Pastorally, the district is important for it depastures almost half a million sheep in addition to many thousands of horses and cattle.

Agriculturally, the land is rich for there is a vast acreage under wheat and a smaller area of established lucerne and oats.

Quirindi can, in truth, be said to provide an outstanding example of successful closer settlement. The district's activities, rural, commercial and public show continuous growth and remarkable progress is reflected in land values. The town itself is solidly progressive and well served by every necessary institution and organisation which provides for comfortable living and good citizenship.

Quirindi—the gateway to the Liverpool Plains—is a living example of what courage, endurance and enterprise can accomplish and it is fitting that our thoughts should dwell and our praise should go to those pioneers of New South Wales who have by their strivings prepared for us such a magnificent heritage.



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